

THE LITERARY TABLET.

BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

VOL. III.]

HANOVER, (N. H.) WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, 1806.

[No. 23.]

SELECTIONS.

ON SOCIAL AFFECTION.

[Continued from page 86.]

Nor is social happiness less injured by that semblance of sensibility which it has become of late but too common to assume, for if we trust to the assertions of all those, who think proper to claim its possessions, how common, how widely diffused among the sons of men, must this best and sweetest of the gifts of nature and education be; and yet, alas! when he whose heart hath ever melted at the sufferings of distress, whose liberality hath ever been poured out upon the children of penury, whose friendship and whose love hath been permanent and pure, when he shall step forward in the world, solicitous to extend the sphere of his benevolence, solicitous to claim kindred with those of a congenial temper, with those whose conversation or compositions had impressed him in their favour, how will he stand aghast, how will his heart sink within him, when, instead of sympathy and of charity, of social and of domestic feeling, he shall find apathy and avarice, find extortion and cruelty.

That this is not an overcharged picture, I am well convinced. There are many, whose writings breathe the very soul of sensibility, with whom the slightest impulse of pity and distress ought to operate, and yet, unhappily for virtue, their compositions and their lives, their sentiments and their actions, correspond not. There are many, also, from whom the delineations of elegant distress, the struggles of disastrous love, or the plaintive sorrows of deluded innocence, will not fail to elicit the tear of sympathy; but when objects of real distress, when sickness and when poverty, when decrepitude present themselves, they shudder at the sight, they pass on, they fly the wretched mourner.

It should, therefore, be a principle early inculcated into the minds of our youth, that to be happy, is to be beloved, and that our enjoyment will be commensurate to our efforts in relieving the distress and the misery of others. Were this the case, how much of that wanton and pernicious cruelty would be avoided, as frequently the disgrace of manhood as of boyish years. Were our children taught to nourish sentiments of love and of esteem for those around them, to elicit their affection by each amiable exertion in their power, to visit and give succour to the sick and the afflicted, how often would the tear of rapture fill their eyes, how would the sweet sensation dwell upon their hearts, and grow with their increasing years.

*Oh, Charity! our helpless nature's pride,
Thou friend to him who knows no friend beside,
Is there a morning's breath, or the sweet gale
That steals o'er the tir'd pilgrim of the vale,
Cheering with fragrance fresh his weary frame,
Aught like the incense of thy holy flame?
Is aught in all the beauties that adorn*

*The azure heaven, or purple light of morn?
Is aught so fair in evening's ling'ring gleam
As from thine eye the meek and pensive beam,
That falls, like saddest moonlight on the hill
And distant grove, when the wide world is still?*
BOWLES.

Society has been aptly compared to a heap of embers, which, when separated, soon languish, darken, and expire, but, if placed together, glow with a ruddy and intense heat, a just emblem of the strength, the happiness, and the security derived from the union of mankind. The savage, who never knew the blessings of combination, and he, who quits society from apathy or misanthropic spleen, are like the separated ember, dark, dead and useless, they neither give nor receive heat, neither love or are beloved. To what acts of heroism and virtue, in every age and nation, has not the impetus of affection given rise? To what gloomy misery, despair, and even suicide, has not the desertion of society led? How often in the busy haunts of men, are all our noblest, and gentlest virtues called forth? And how, in the bosom of the recluse, do all the soft emotions languish, and grow faint? Not that the author of these Sketches is a foe to retirement, he has elsewhere confessed himself its friend, he speaks but of him, who, dead to feeling, sinks into the lap of cheerless solitude. That many individuals, from a peculiar turn of mind, are calculated to be of more extensive utility in retirement, than on the active stage of life, he is well convinced. He is also perfectly aware that reiterated misfortune and perfidy, operating upon a warm and sanguine constitution, will often hurry the most amiable character into unmitigated seclusion; but even in this case, as a proof that our affections to support life must, however small in degree, be engaged, let it be observed that the most recluse have generally had some object for their tenderness, some creature whose attention they strove to obtain, whose interest in their welfare they hoped to secure, and, as a corroborating instance of what has been advanced throughout this paper, it shall be illustrated with the following anecdote:

A respectable character, after having long figured away in the gay world at Paris, was at length compelled to live in an obscure retreat in that city, the victim of severe and unforeseen misfortunes. He was so indigent, that he subsisted only on an allowance from the parish. Every week a quantity of bread was sent to him sufficient for his support, and yet at length, he demanded more. On this the curate sent for him. He went: "Do you live alone?" said the curate: "With whom, sir," answered the unfortunate man, "is it possible I should live? I am wretched, you see that I am, since I thus solicit charity, and am abandoned by all the world." "But sir," continued the curate, "if you live alone, why do you ask for more bread than is sufficient for yourself?" The other was quite disconcerted, and at last, with great reluctance, confessed

that he had a dog. The curate did not drop the subject. He desired him to observe, that he was only the distributor of the bread that belonged to the poor, and that it was absolutely necessary that he should dispose of his dog. "Ah, sir," exclaimed the poor man, weeping, "and if I lose my dog, who is there then to love me?" The good pastor, melting into tears, took his purse, and giving it to him, "take this, sir," said he; "this is mine—this I can give."

ON LIFE—AN ALLEGORICAL VISION.

[From a British Essayist.]

A gentle ascent led to a lofty eminence, and on the summit, was a level plain, of no great extent. The boundaries of it could not indeed easily be ascertained; for as the ascent, on one side, was easy and gradual, so the slope on the other continued almost imperceptible, till it terminated at once in abrupt declivity.

At the first entrance of the hill, I observed great numbers of infants, crawling on beds of primroses, or sleeping on pillows formed by the moss. They frequently smiled, and their sweet countenances seemed to express a complacency and joy in the consciousness of their new existence. Many indeed wept and wailed, but their sorrow, though pungent, was short, and the sight of a pretty leaf or flower would cause a smile in the midst of their tears, so that nothing was more common than to see two drops trickling down cheeks which were dimpled with smiles. I was so delighted with the scenes of innocence, that I felt an impulse to go and play with the little tribe, when just as I was advancing, I felt a wand gently strike my shoulder, and turning my eyes on one side, I beheld a venerable figure, with a white beard, and in a grey mantle elegantly thrown around him.

"My son," said he, "I see your curiosity is raised, and I will gratify it; but you must not move from this place, which is the most advantageous spot for the contemplation of the scene before you.

"Yon hill is the Hill of Life, a pageant which I have raised by the magic influence of this wand, to amuse you with an instructive picture.

"The beauteous innocents, whom you see at the foot of the hill, present you with the idea of angels and cherubs, and of such is the kingdom of Heaven. Simplicity and innocence are their amiable qualities, and the more of them they retain in their ascent, the happier and lovelier shall they be, during the rest of their journey.

"But raise your eyes a little. You see a lively train intent to learn, under the sage instructors who accompany them, the easiest and safest way of ascending and descending the hill which lies before them. They often run from the side of their guides, and lose themselves among the shrubs that blossom around them. Some give no ear to instruction, and consequently are continually deviating among thorns, thistles, nettles, and brambles. Their

errors are at present retrievable, and few fall in the pitfalls with which the hill abounds.—Joy illuminates their countenances. Theirs are the ruddy cheek, the sparkling eye, lively spirits, and unwearied activity. They retain a great share of the innocence with which they set out, and therefore they are cheerful. Envious age, if reason were mature! But folly, wantonness, forwardness of temper, and ignorance greatly interrupt and spoil their enjoyments. Fruits of delicious taste grow around them, and flowrets of the sweetest scent and most beautiful colour, spring up beneath their feet. But they soon grow tired of this lower part of the hill, and ambitiously aspire at higher eminences.

Behold them a few paces higher. They advance with eagerness, and many of them forsake the guides which have conducted them thus far in their ascent. They hasten in their course, nor do they adhere to the direct road, but deviate without scruple. Some indeed return, but the greater part climb the hill by paths of their own choice, full of difficulty and danger. The pitfalls, which are placed in every part of the hill, are in this part very numerous, and not easy to be avoided by those who forsake the high road. There are indeed no parts of the hill, in which a guide is more necessary than here; nor any, in which the travellers are less inclined to seek his assistance.

You see the beauty of the blossoms. You hear the music of the birds. All nature seems to conspire in affording delight; but too many of the travellers preserve not that innocence and simplicity which are necessary to give a taste for the pleasures which are allowed. Instead of plucking the flowers which are known to be safe and salutary, they desire none but such as are poisonous. The aspiring ardour of the travellers urges them to continue the ascent, and by this time, you see, they have reached the level summit, where you observe a prodigious crowd, all busy in pursuit of their several objects. Their faces are clouded with care, and in the eagerness of pursuit they neglect those pleasures, which lie before them.—Most of them have now lost a great share of their original innocence and simplicity, and many of them have lost it entirely.

And now they begin to descend. Their cheerfulness and alacrity are greatly abated. Many limp, and some already crawl. The numbers diminish almost every step; for the pitfalls are multiplied on this side of the hill, and many of the travellers have neither strength nor sagacity to avoid them. Many delightful scenes remain. Fruit in great abundance grows around them. But the greater part, you may remark, are careless of the obvious and natural pleasures, which they might reach and enjoy, and are eagerly digging in the earth for yellow dust, on which they have placed an imaginary value. Behold one who has just procured a load of it, under which he is ready to sink. He totters along, in haste to find a hiding-place for it; but before he has found it, himself is hidden from our eyes, for lo! while I speak, he is dropping into a pitfall. Most of his companions will follow him; but you see no one is alarmed by the example. The descent is become very steep and abrupt, and few there are who will reach the bottom of the hill. Of those few not one advances without stumbling on the edge of the pitfalls, from which he can scarcely recover his feeble foot. Ah! while I speak, they are all gone.

And is this a picture of life? said I; alas! how little do the possessors of it seem to enjoy it! Surely some error must infatuate them all. O say, what it is, that I may avoid it, and be happy.

My son, said my benevolent guide, do not hastily form an opinion derogatory from the value of life. It is a glorious opportunity, afforded by the Creator, for the acquisition of happiness. Cast your eyes on yonder plain, which lies at the bottom of the hill, and view the horizon.

I looked, and lo! a cloud tinged with purple and gold, parted in the centre, and displayed a scene, at which my eyes were dazzled. I closed them awhile, to recover the power of vision, and when I opened them, I saw the figure of a person in whom majesty and benevolence were awfully united. He sat on a throne with every appearance of triumph, and at his feet lay a cross. And I heard a voice saying, 'Come again, ye children of men.' And lo, the plain opened in more places than I could number, and myriads of myriads started into existence, with bodies beautiful and glorious. And the voice proceeded, 'In my Father's house are many mansions.' Ye have all fallen short of the perfection for which ye were created; but some have been less unprofitable servants than others, and to them are allotted the more exalted places of bliss; but there remain mansions appropriated to all the sons of men. I have redeemed the very worst of them from the tyranny of death. Rise, therefore, to your respective mansions. Enter into the joy of your Lord. He said; when the sound of instruments sweeter than the unpurged ear ever heard, rang throughout Heaven's concave. And the glorified bodies beneath rose like the sun in the east, and took their places in the several planets, which form what is called our solar system. I was transported with the sight, and was going to fall on my knees, and supplicate to be admitted among the aspiring spirits, when, to my mortification, I thought I was suddenly placed on the side of the hill, where I had to climb a steep ascent. I wept bitterly, when my guide remonstrated with me on the unreasonableness of my tears, since none were to be admitted to glory, who had not travelled the journey which I had seen so many others travel. 'Keep innocence,' said he, 'do justice, walk humbly.' He said no more, but, preparing to depart, touched me with his rod, and I awoke.

Extracts from the Hon. J. Q. ADAMS's Oration, delivered at Cambridge, on his late induction to the Professorship of Rhetoric and Oratory.

"The immeasurable superiority of ancient over modern oratory is one of the most remarkable circumstances, which offer themselves to the scrutiny of reflecting minds, and it is in the languages, the institutions and the manners of modern Europe, that the solution of a phenomenon, so extraordinary, must be sought. The assemblies of the people, or the select councils, or of the senate in Athens and Rome were held for the purpose of real deliberation. The fate of measures was not decided before they were proposed. Eloquence produced a powerful effect, not only upon the minds of the hearers, but upon the issue of the deliberation. In the only countries of modern Europe, where the semblance of deliberative assemblies has been

preserved, corruption, here in the form of executive influence there in the guise of party spirit, by introducing a more compendious mode of securing decisions, has crippled the sublimest efforts of oratory, and the votes upon questions of magnitude to the interests of nations are all told, long before the questions themselves are submitted to discussion. Hence those nations, which for ages have gloried in the devotion to literature, science and the arts, have never been able to exhibit a specimen of deliberative oratory, that can bear a comparison with those, transmitted down to us from antiquity."

"Religion indeed has opened one new avenue to the career of eloquence. Amidst the sacrifices of paganism to her three hundred thousand gods, amidst her sagacious and solemn consultations in the entrails of slaughtered brutes, in the flight of birds, and the feeding of fowls, it had never entered her imagination, to call upon the pontiff, the haruspex, or the augur for discourses to the people, upon the nature of their duties to their maker, their fellow-mortals, and themselves. This was an idea too august to be mingled with the absurd and ridiculous, or profligate and barbarous rites of her deplorable superstition. It is an institution for which mankind are indebted to Christianity; introduced by the Founder himself of this divine religion, and in every point of view worthy of its high original. Its effects have been to soften the tempers and purify the morals of mankind; not in so high a degree as benevolence could wish, but enough to call forth our strains of warmest gratitude to that good being, who provides us with the means of promoting our own felicity, and gives us power to stand, though leaving us free to fall. Here then is an unbounded and inexhaustible field for eloquence, never explored by the ancient orators, and here alone have the modern Europeans cultivated the art with much success. In vain should we enter the halls of justice, in vain should we listen to the debates of senates for strains of oratory worthy of remembrance, beyond the duration of the occasion which called them forth. The art of embalming thought by oratory, like that of embalming bodies by aromatics, would have perished but for the exercises of religion. These alone have in the latter ages furnished discourses, which remind us, that eloquence is yet a faculty of the human mind."

Among the causes, which have contributed thus to depress the oratory of modern times, must be numbered the indifference, with which it has been treated, as an article of education. The ancients had fostered an opinion, that this talent was in a more than usual degree the creature of discipline; and it is one of the maxims, handed down to us as the result of their experience, that men must be born to poetry and bred to eloquence; that the bard is always the child of nature, and the orator always the issue of instruction. This doctrine seems to be not entirely without foundation, but was by them carried in both its parts to an extravagant excess.

"The foundations for the oratorical talent, as well as those of the poetical faculty, must be laid in the bounties of nature; and as the Muse in Homer, impartial in her distribution of good and evil, struck the bard with blindness, when she gave him the powers of song,

her Sister, not unfrequently, by a like mixture of tenderness and rigour, bestows the blessing of wisdom, while she refuses the readiness of utterance. Without entering however into a disquisition, which would lead me far beyond the limits of this occasion, I may remark, that the modern Europeans have run into the adverse extreme, and appear, during a considerable period, in their system of public education, to have passed upon eloquence a sentence of proscription. Even when they studied *Rhetoric* as a theory, they neglected *Oratory* as an art; and while assiduously unfolding to their pupils the bright displays of Greek and Roman eloquence, they never attempted to make them eloquent themselves."

ORIGINAL.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Liberty, a necessary support to Science.

THE seeds of slavery are planted in the soil of luxury, nourished by the hand of Despotism, and supported by vice and infidelity; but freedom springs spontaneously in every quarter of the globe. The voice of nature's God, calling upon man, bids him be free. On the shores of slavery, the sons of freedom drop the tear of pity. There the groans of distress sigh in every wind, improvement dies, and hope never lights up the smile of joy in the human countenance.

The grandeur of Italy is now no more. Celestial freedom has long forsaken these blissful abodes. Its last struggles filled the land with blood, and the barren vine now climbs the tottering pillars of lonely edifices; or overspreads those ruins, which were once the noblest works of art. There the tree of science once spread its fair branches over those, 'who scorned to relinquish the rights of liberty;' but its sacred boughs are now fallen, and its roots left to moulder in the land of slavery. Learning can flourish only where liberty is enjoyed, and where the fear of no tyrant debases the human mind. Restrained freedom and you becloud the sun of science. You exchange the splendor of day for the dark, the lonely shades of night.—Where the despot wields the sceptre, farewell to science and improvement,—their bright and cheering lamps are extinguished by the unfeeling tyrant. Learning retires to the blissful abodes of peace, liberty, and happiness.

Liberty expands the powers of the soul. Disease and death retire at its approach. The captive drops his chains, the pale cheek of misery blushes with returning health. But the brightest flower in nature's field fades at the approach of slavery. Free from this, the wretch upon the rack may smile, and the extremes of torture may be envied.

Oft have Africa's fields echoed to the groans of expiring liberty. Oft has the rude child of nature there clung to the heaving bosom of a parent, till torn from it to embrace the manacles of slavery. But let religion smile on the land of oppression, and the tears of the captive cease to flow,—tyrants melt to pity, and embrace the oppressed in the arms of that affection, which shall

survive the tomb. The loss of freedom invariably follows the triumph of vice. When the mighty Republics of the East departed from those principles which had raised them to eminence, liberty was buried under the ruins of their temples; and religion deigned not to dwell with those, who had wantonly obliterated her vestiges, and spread destruction among her votaries. But when religion burst from the shades of retirement, the arts revived, society emerged from a state of barbarity.

Liberty cannot be enjoyed amidst the thick glooms of atheism. France has exhibited its genuine fruits. The sun of freedom has there set perhaps never to rise. From France atheism spreads

"Till o'er some death-doomed land, distant in vain,
It broods incumbent."

Liberty smiles that a few rays of virtue and religion yet beam on our land; that a celestial spark yet remains. For this, the thorny path blooms with verdure, and the patriot leaps for joy. S.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A very elegant writer, who distinguishes himself in the (London) Monthly Magazine, by beautiful translations, accompanied with prose remarks, of fugitive pieces from the Greek, thus introduces a new and beautiful version of Sappho's immortal Ode.—*P. Folio.*

Of that sublime ode, preserved by Longinus, Ambrose Philips's beautiful translation will never be equalled by any future attempts.—Yet it has been very justly observed that that exquisite little poem fails in giving an adequate idea of the fire of the original. There is as much difference between them, as between the soul of Sappho and that of an European lover. I will, therefore, venture to present a translation, which appears to me more literal, retaining the first four lines of Philips, which it seems impossible to render more exactly.

"Blest as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile."
'Tis this has set my heart on fire,
And thrill'd my bosom with desire;
For when I see thy form arise,
All voice and sound, that instant dies;
My trembling tongue has lost its power:
Slow subtle fires my skin devour:
My sight is fled; around me swim
Low dizzy murmurs; every limb
Cold creeping dews o'erspread; I feel
A shivering tremor o'er me steal;
Paler than ghosts I grow; my breath
Pants in short gasps; I seem like death.

EPIGRAM.

All they whom life oppresses, and then bequeath
Their goods to pious uses at their death,
Are like those drunkards, who, when laid asleep,
Disgorge the liquor which they cannot keep.

LITERARY NOTICES.

[Copied from the M. Anthology, for June, 1806.]

NEW WORKS.

Original Poems. By Thomas Green Fessenden, Esq. author of *Terrible Traffication*, &c. 12mo. pp. 204. Philadelphia, printed at the Lorenzo Press of E. Bronson.

Vol. 3d of the History of the rise, progress, and termination of the American Revolution; interspersed with biographical, political, and moral observations. In three volumes. By Mrs. Mercy Warren, of Plymouth, (Mass.)

Mr. Merrill's defensive armour taken from him; or, a reply to his Twelve Letters to the Author, on the mode and subjects of Baptism: in which the liberties and privileges of Christians are rescued from the bondage which those communion baptists would impose on them. By Samuel Austin, A. M. Worcester, Isaiah Thomas, jun.

An Inaugural Oration, delivered at the author's installation, as Boylston Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory at Harvard University, in Cambridge, Massachusetts, on Thursday 12 June, 1806: By John Quincy Adams. Published at the request of the Students. 8vo. Boston, Munroe and Francis.

NEW EDITIONS.

The Secret History of the Court of St. Cloud, a new and highly interesting work. J. Watts, Philadelphia, and I. Riley and Co. New-York.

The three first volumes of the Life and Pontificate of Leo the Tenth. By William Roscoe. 8vo. pp. 1st vol. 464; 2d vol. 422; 3d vol. 460. Philadelphia, Lorenzo Press of E. Bronson.

WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Life of Richard Cumberland, Esq. New-York, Brissan and Brannan.

Charnock's Life of Lord Nelson. New-York. Riley and Co. 8vo.

WORKS BY SUBSCRIPTION.

A new work, on the discovery of a Specific for the cure and prevention of the Yellow Malignant Fever, and disorders of the bilious, putrid, and malignant kind, followed by a dissertation on the Cholera Infantum, the Lynanche Trachealis, or Croup, and by a new method for the certain cure of it—Adapted to persons of every capacity. Addressed to the citizens of the United States—By Dr. John J. Giraud. 1 vol. 8vo. Price 2,50 bound. Baltimore.

The History of Napoleon Bonaparte, Emperor of the French, and King of Italy, embellished with an engraving of the grand battle of Austerlitz; with an appendix, containing a comprehensive view of the French revolution to the present crisis. 1 vol. 8vo. 2 dollars bound. Baltimore, Warner and Hanna.

The Tablet will be published every week, until the present volume is completed.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The elegant essay on Memory, which appeared in the last number of the Tablet, will be read by all classes with pleasure.—We hope the industry of LOAMMI will rival his genius.

'The Oak' of MONOS rears high its top, and spreads wide its branches on the mount of Parnassus.

The lines of BELINDA, "on seeing a spider expiring," evince genius and tenderness.

We wish 'N.' to lengthen his essays, and more frequently employ his pen; as the longer a good thing is the better.

We regret that many valuable correspondents have ceased so long to make communications.

We hope 'S.' will often favor us with essays;—they will be read with pleasure by the friends of religion and science.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

THE OAK.

NO tree than the tall oak more grand,
Can the forest produce;
And first on the list it must stand,
In th' extent of its use.

The tempest, though fiercely it blows,
The strong oak never fears;
The winds but its firmness disclose,
Unimpaired by its years.

The oak too extends a broad shade,
Which arrests the mild breeze,
And when the hot sun-beams invade,
'Twill exquisitely please.

A grove of proud oaks I will form,
And I'll nurse them with care—
To see them, defying the storm,
Wave their tops in the air.

MONOS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

Reflections occasioned by seeing a Spider expiring.

POOR helpless insect! hast thou then no friend,
Whose ready hand may ward off urgent fate?
No one who will to thee assistance lend
And give to life a little longer date?

Ah no!—nor yet canst thou expect to find
The boon of mercy thou so oft denied.
The sweetest virtue of th' all-seeing Mind
Was banish'd thee by tyranny and pride.

How often hast thou spread thy silken charms,
To lure the wand'ring insect from its guard;
How often seized it in thy cruel arms,
Nor waited justice's merciful award.

But now thy cruel tyranny is o'er,
And innocence is freed from painful fear;
She now can sport, from thy soft arts secure,
Nor dread her enemy in ambush near.

Be such the fate of him, whose treacherous heart
Is practised in the ways of winning guile;
Whose soft seducing arts, conspire to part
The frowning parent, from the weeping child.

Oh! could the proud seducer, once but know
The piercing anguish of the parent's breast;
But feel his fair-one's agonizing woe,
Say—could his guilty bosom taste of rest?

Not luxury's deceitful, brilliant train,
Nor titled wealth, his memory could ease;
The pomp of power would still be tried in vain;
No art can give the guilty conscience peace.

BELINDA.

SELECTED POETRY.

[The following lines were written by a British Statesman of celebrity, now living—They breathe much morality and ingenuofness.—Col. Cent.]

I talk'd to my flattering heart,
And I chid its wild wandering ways;
I charg'd it from Folly to part,

And to husband the best of its days;
I bade it no longer admire
The meteors that Fancy had drest:
I whisper'd, 'twas time to retire,
And seek for a Mansion of Rest.

A Charmer was list'ning the while,
Who caught up the tone of my lay;
O come then, she cried, with a smile,
And I'll shew you the place and the way:
I followed the witch to her home;
And vow'd to be always her guest:
"Never more, I exclaim'd, will I roam,
"In search of the Mansion of Rest."

But the sweetest of moments will fly;
Not long was my fancy beguil'd,
For too soon I confess'd, with a sigh,
That the Syren deceiv'd, while she smil'd.
Deep, deep, did she stab the repose
Of my trusting and innocent breast,
And the door of each avenue close,
That led to the Mansion of Rest.

Then Friendship entic'd me to stray,
Thro' the long magic wiles of romance,
But I found that he meant to betray,
And shrunk from the Sorcerer's glance;
For Experience has taught me to know,
That the soul which reclin'd on his breast,
Might toss on the billows of woe,
And ne'er find the Mansion of Rest.

Pleasure's path I determin'd to try,
But Prudence I met in the way,
Conviction flash'd light from her eye,
And appear'd to illumine my day:
She cry'd—as she shew'd me a grave,
With nettles and wild flowers dress'd,
O'er which the dark cypress did wave—
"Behold there, the Mansion of Rest."

She spoke—and half vanish'd in air,
For the saw mild Religion appear,
With a smile that would banish Despair,
And dry up the penitent tear;
Doubts and fears from my bosom were driven,
As pressing the Cross to her breast,
And pointing serenely to Heaven,
She shew'd the true Mansion of Rest.

From the Dartmouth Gazette.

ODES FOR INDEPENDENCE,
1806.

BY M. BRADLEY.

Tune—*Adams & Liberty.*

I.
Raise high your glad voices ye children of fame,
This day were your fetters of slavery broken;
COLUMBIANS you are, and if proud of your name,
To-day make it known, and may this be your token—
Bid adieu to dull care, of contention beware,
Then kneel at the altar of Freedom and swear,
Till the last mournful knell of all nature shall toll,
No tyrant shall rule us, no despot control.

II.

Shall Britain again dye with carnage our plains,
And George rule our land "IN ALL CASES WHAT-
EVER."
Send o'er his vile lordlings with fetters and chains,
And we wear his shackles? no, never—no, never.
Should occasions demand, we'll collect on the strand
And fight till our bones bleach the shores of our land
For until the dread knell, &c.

III.

Let favour'd Napoleon govern his own,
And smile o'er the wrongs of his much injur'd nation;
While footsteps of blood may be track'd to his throne,
The groans of his victims confirm his damnation;

His intention we scan, 'tis to subjugate man,
But curst be his vileness, and nonplus'd his plan;
For until the dread knell, &c.

IV.

Columbia, thou dearest of nations, all hail!
How far-distant ages will smile at thy story—
The fame of old Greece will no longer prevail,
And Rome be eclips'd in the blaze of thy glory.
Our glad songs to the skies in full chorus shall rise,
Till the stars catch the sound and loud echo replies,
Till the last mournful knell, &c.

V.

Thy sons shall exceed what all nations have done,
(Their might let fell tyrants behold and take warning);
Thy daughters be vestals more pure than the sun,
Transcending in beauty the blushes of morning—
And thus favour'd we'll raise, our warm tributes of
praise,
To the God of our Fathers, the ancient of days:
And until the dread knell, &c.

VI.

By union cemented, our empire shall stand,
Unmov'd as a rock, waxing stronger and stronger,
Till he whose bold strides sweep the ocean and land,
In thunder pronounces, that "time is no longer."
Then Columbia must fall, when the heavens like a scroll
Pass away, and confusion has seiz'd upon all.
But until this dread knell of all nature shall toll,
No tyrant shall rule us, no despot control.

Tune—*Ode on Science.*

Fair Freedom's temple towers sublime,
Secur'd by Heroes wife and brave,
Where Gallia hop'd in former time,
And Britain since, to fix her grave.
And science too serenely mild,
Charm'd, sees her children seek the skies,
Sees gardens grace our lonely wild,
And cities in our deserts rise.

Columbians hail! 'tis Freedom's day,
To Freedom's altar haste away,
There all your vows and honour's pay
And place in virtue all your trust.
Here health and peace and friendship reign,
Bright Freedom's never-failing train,
To cheer the Patriot, blest the Swain,
And prove that Heav'n regards the just.

How fancy darts her eagle eye,
And kens Columbia's future fame—
When not a land beneath the sky
Shall boast so great, so good a name.
Thy crops shall yellow ev'ry plain,
Thy cattle graze a thousand hills,
Thy flutt'ring canvass shade the main,
While with its load old ocean swells.

Thus Heaven-protected, may thy sails,
Till ev'ry earth-born blessing fails,
Flap high in Fortune's prosperous gales,
While distant Nations bow to thee.
And when unpeer'd thy fame shall rise,
Above the clouds, above the skies,
May time's last accent, as he dies,
Proclaim Columbia great and free.

The Power of Time. BY SWIFT.

IF neither brass nor marble can withstand
The mortal force of Time's destructive hand:
If mountains sink to vales, if cities die,
And less'ning rivers mourn their fountains
dry—

When my old cassock, said a Welch divine,
Is out at elbows, why should I repine?

PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER WEDNESDAY,

BY M. DAVIS.

1 dol. 50 cents per ann.—paid in advance.